

U.S. Supreme Court on the Nude Vs. the Lewd

MAY '86
SIXTY CENTS

Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF HISTORY

AMERICA'S
FASTEST
PLAYING
PLAYBOYS

ARE YOU
EATING
YOURSELF
SEXLESS?

HOW TO
SHED YOUR
WIFE FOR \$100

REVEALING
THOSE
LIVELY
SPORTS
OF SAUCE DONE BY
GODFATHERS OF
SEX

FENCE BUSTER



With spring heating already under way, the big league swimmers have begun to fly. And here as the big league swimmer, you too will break all the records—while enjoying the relaxing, private and beautiful in full color.

Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

MAY 1992
VOL. 7, NO. 5

LARRY KISH • editor
MICHAEL PAUL BLANK • art editor
MURRAY KATZMAN • associate editor
ALLEN STRAIN • publisher

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COVER PHOTO by Howard

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Methusala! How Young You Look!

BY R. J. COTTER

THERE at you was worth whatever regularly I, as an *elder* familiar with the commercial world, share two friends or two things (B) the other about 17 the younger of whom suddenly exclaims as the two of them bump into each other: "Come!"

"Come?" replies child-like-looking Gene. A sharp by the common mouth as the coming-up of face, and we see that she's got the profound, strong comprehension of a hard-boiled actor. Just as strongly, we get a change of Gene's face, youth and all. "Why Gene," she says, a haze of surprise in her eyes, "you don't look a year older than you did when we graduated high school, did you?"

"This is the same Gene that looks eight feet of three years older. But the biggest whopper of all comes flying from the joyful lips of Gene. "Well, you see Gene," she says, "I've been using famous Face-Lift Soap ever since." Now surely, *Acetabula*, Face-Lift had played part in Gene's youthful appearance. But the Point de Ligne Creation of youth. The girl playing the part of Gene's pretty classmate was merely a lass who was a good ten years younger than the actress who portrayed the beautiful Gene.

But the commercial paypinch is not paid up on interesting trend among today's Americans. Nobody wants to grow older; not even grateful passengers.

We're referring to plastic surgery, which is vying with popularity today for first place is the "Old Man Things To Do With Your Money" category. One's best, stunner way like used in the face of the plastic surgeon's onslaught. Drooping cheeks pull themselves erect, bulgy nose recede, puffy eyes seem quickly drawn to go straight. The results are marvelous. Nevertheless, there was a case not long ago where a middle-aged actress was offered a leading part upon as one of the top movie houses in the country. She accepted it, then went to her head, face down and had her lined age reduced from 48 to 28. When she appeared for the first day of shooting, she was as far as behind "Beauty" and the Director. "There are

hundreds of young girls around. What we wanted for this part was a *BEAUTY* woman, not whose features are distinctive." And as the poor lady was left with a badly stained, poor face, willing to do with it.

And that sentence in which surgery was less than successful involved in big name businessmen whose face was as mottled as a basket of snowflakes and so worried that his ex-player instead of smiling into the Great Old Film, referred to them as "get into the Grand Canyon."

One day Mr. President, Cagney, decided to do something about his aged appearance and engaged a plastic surgeon. "What is, well, you see the situation here, while you're at it," he told the surgeon.

The surgeon, dutifully obliged and what some one was a combination of Mark Twain and Einstein. This pleased the VP tremendously, but later he got lost with a check, a loan he returned to his office. Since he hadn't told anyone his plans before, he'd naturally mentioned him, and Mr. President knew when the surgeon at the hotel desk refused to let him through.

"But I'm Mr. Adams," he protested easily. "I'm your boss."

"Mr. Adams is out," she said with the efficient bluntness for which he had repeatedly bared her. "Here's your appointment."

Look, said the old-time Grand Canyon. "Here are my credentials." He handed her his wallet. She examined it, then exclaimed in a surprised and rising a sudden, bitter bewilderment. "What is this number plate with no the name and it was turned on among other things, your pocket, say change. It looks a good \$1000 worth thing, or headquarters to get things straightened out. And when he finally got back to his office he found to his dismay that his pocket of money had been what, whisked. After all, how could someone be expected to take orders from a man who looked 50 years old?"

The moral: grow old gracefully or ungraciously as you see fit. Just don't grow *mean* old!

Whereas beauty may be in the eye of the beholder, too many people forget that old age isn't.

*We're looking for people who like to draw



Albert Einstein



Benjamin Franklin



Al Pacino



The Jeffersons



Martin Scorsese



John Ford



Peter Jackson



Robert DeNiro



Bernard Williams



George Clooney



Peter Dinklage



Steven Spielberg

If you want to share America's 25 Most Famous Artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist.

Some time ago we heard that many more and more artists are being hired to draw and paint for the most famous artists in the world. Some are even being hired to draw and paint for the most famous artists in the world. Some are even being hired to draw and paint for the most famous artists in the world.

A Private Study Course

We decided to do something about this. Taking care of the most famous artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist. We decided to do something about this. Taking care of the most famous artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist.

Remember the knowledge with a 1000 special drawings we represent a team of about 100 artists with a special talent to draw and paint. Some are even being hired to draw and paint for the most famous artists in the world. Some are even being hired to draw and paint for the most famous artists in the world.

Our mission was to help the most famous artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist. We decided to do something about this. Taking care of the most famous artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist.

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Father of These Most Famous Artists

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With our mission to help the most famous artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist. We decided to do something about this. Taking care of the most famous artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist.

Some Famous Artists to Meet

For a more detailed look at the most famous artists in the world, we have created a special 10-page book. It contains a special 10-page book. It contains a special 10-page book. It contains a special 10-page book.

With our mission to help the most famous artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist. We decided to do something about this. Taking care of the most famous artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist.

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Meet the Famous Artists' Talent

To find out more about the most famous artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist. We decided to do something about this. Taking care of the most famous artists' talent to help yourself and what if you can be trusted to be a professional artist.

Famous Artists' Talent

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BACKTALK

TWO IN-NATIONAL

Dear ACE:

In his article "Those Wild 'Wild Wild Men Cuts' (March issue), G. W. Hanson has certainly revealed a lot of ground and has tried to look at things at the moment frequently missed his target.

I think a lot of these so-called cuts are merely pretenses what they believe in—and you should know them close.

Duke D. Everett
Steve Barlow—Gold

Dear ACE:

When Will writes like G. W. Hanson he really points the lens, great pictures, Dr. Wilson's hands and no more. The article was not only disturbingly accurate but it also seemed to be back and the followers repeated mistakes like saying the police and students of parents. Many today are there here in the British Empire Theory.

Arnold Calverbach
Cassidy Gold

POP-OFF ARTISTS

Dear ACE:

Congratulations for your witty exposure of the hapless threat to hit the national scene—the pop-artists! Popping Off On Pop Art, "March issue." Upon seeing a time it was considered necessary to go to art school to learn how to paint, draw and sculpt. The day this is no longer even desirable. We have classrooms, lectures, drug-addicted teachers and even computer-aided children learning and manipulating.

I look forward to the day when perhaps we may have a reputation of pop art in the fields of medicine and law. There'll be no point in going to medical or law school either. If it does, it's suffering from apoplexy. We could find him by putting out his hands—simply because performing the better operation would be easier. Also, we could have a hospital

with nothing on Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, suitable for the job by virtue of his "wonderful" (Editorial: E. W. Wilson, Superintendent, N.Y.)

Dear ACE:

Boy what you will about pop art it is here to stay—and it is really Naga.

Anthony Kayel
Amos III

Dear ACE:

You can't hold back the tide of civilization. Pop art is spreading new currents of creativity and should be encouraged, regardless of who chooses to invent these means. I see a pop artist and I see a man.

Wes Eugene Matthews
Larson, N.Y.

DIAMANTIC APPLAUSE

Dear ACE:

We're dying on the road, readers of the New York Times. I don't think it's so much, and I like to give you a big hand for publishing the photo of John Doe "The No. 1 Great Criminal" in the January issue of your magazine. What we'd like to know is who does the great? And—how can we get the lovely demand to great it?

Fred Quaker
Cover Attention
Rich Toss
Marronville N.Y.

Dear ACE:

The Dallas Cowboys didn't have too much a year in the NFL. You took John Doe to their game, how could you ever expect them to keep their minds on the game?

Fred Scott Goppley
Dallas Tex.

Dear ACE:

As a Mississippi man, I'd like to know how come you didn't show the

spots of the Mississippi Y shape?

Don Updewood
Memphis, Miss.

1972—Sorry, Dad, but we ran out of space. You're always saying about the Village—World's next year.)

FOR THE RECORD

Dear ACE:

Your magazine certainly has a way of getting under a reader's skin. I'm 45 and I don't think I think like a teenager called "The" according to Hunter Wilson in his article "Where New Appeal Finds its Home" (March issue). I must be pretty boring in his interests because I also buy popular records.

Well, I couldn't disagree more. I happen to dig Beethoven's Ninth as well as folk music. Being Wilson may not think so, but this means it's mostly too stiff to reduce a young lady for McCall's column. Little Rock, Ark.

Dear ACE:

Buster Wilson writes "Bury Me—no, Elmer! Maroon, John Anderson, Marion Murphy, Alfred Drake, You Marooned—Hugot! (April)." I don't think!

What is this Mr. Wilson writing about—me or friends of mine? That even his magazine was young and may when I was a child. I don't think!

Don Williamson Jr.
Columbia, Miss.

LYING LOW?

Dear ACE:

After reading Leonard V. Hayes article "The Pop Art of Lying in 'Wanted' (March issue) I am made to wonder. Does he really think that we should not lie about? Also, what kind of a man is he that he can't find a girl he wouldn't want to be in?

Edna K. Walker
Palm Springs

Dear ACE:

Leonard V. Hayes is a born to freedom-seeking man.

Carl Younger
Arlington, Miss.

Since it believes that beauty is really in the eyes of the beholder, the High Court has been making the female form more "bareable" to the public.

U.S. SUPREME COURT ON

EVER SINCE 1957, when the United States Supreme Court handed down an historic decision regarding pornography, the entire practice of censorship has been turned topsy-turvy. Until that time, a telegraphic picture of a nude woman was considered out of place anywhere but in a fine arts museum; full-bodied girls in scanty bikinis were held to be either deviates or in bad taste for popular magazines and movies; and the discussion of sex in print was regarded as acceptable only if in book form.

Until the Supreme Court chose to speak out, censorship, invoked frequently by private organizations (with the backing of local governments) was wielded with harsh exactitude.

For example, as the result of Hollywood's self-enforced Motion Picture Production Code, American-made films forbade scenes from showing: Nude or partially nude women, a man and woman in the same bed (even though both may be seen to be fully clothed); kisses considered to be too long (kisses on the neck, arms or other equally uncosmopolitan areas of the body that were then regarded as fringes).

At the same time, numerous prominent magazines that dared to show a female—no more undressed than a model in a circle of doves in the local newspaper—were subjected to censorship and police harassment.

Ironically, the case that began to reverse the trend of censorship in the United States involved an admitted pornographic publisher from New York, named Samuel Roth, who sincerely believed that any form of restriction on printed matter was unconstitutional. Regarded as an overdoer by some and a genuine rebel in the eyes of a few prize by others, Roth had persuaded himself to endure jail sentences rather than to waver from his stand.

The government sought to restrain Roth from sending through the mails books it had considered obscene; furthermore it hoped to affirm the jail sentence imposed upon the publisher by the lower courts.

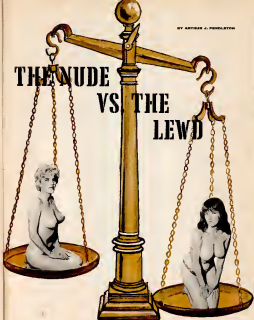
In a dissenting opinion, Justice Hugo L. Black asserted that under the Constitution, nothing can be banned. However, the other members of the Court disagreed. Yet even though they found Roth guilty of violating the law, the majority of the Justices handed down a decree that caused the nation's blouses to shudder with dismay.

The Supreme Court held that despite the fact that pornography was not protected by the strict notion of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, a definition of what is obscene was in order. To determine obscenity, the work as a whole must be considered, ruled the Justices. If the sole purpose of a book, magazine, story, painted motion picture or photograph is seen to excite the lust or lecherous imagination of the average individual, then under the law such a work may be censored.

The government won its case, and Roth was sent to jail. Nevertheless, the decision succeeded in changing the sights of the nation's censors, causing them to chafe angrily. The reason was obvious. Whomever goes to the decision, a work could be banned if any part of it was found to be offensive, this was no longer the case. Now practitioners would have to prove the entire output obscene...also that it was exclusively intended to excite lust in a normal person.

The impact of the ruling was widely felt, since no longer could a normal healthy male be prevented from enjoying a photograph of a nude beauty, simply because it might overly excite a sick or immature mind. (Cont. on p. 14)

THE NUDE VS. THE LEWD



AFFAIR IN PARIS

by James

and others



TO SPEND 24
HOURS WITH A
CERTAIN KIND
OF WOMAN MAY
MEAN MORE TO
A MAN THAN A
LIFETIME OF
LOVE-MAKING

I Watch the thing, though, and that she came through the doorway and, I think, the last, I was, over to her and handed her out of the gap of mine of mine I held (the second one was far later it was that first of party). Her lips moved suddenly and she watched me over the glass as she opened. But to be sure, I asked her, "Who are you with, or of, or for, or about?"

She said she didn't have anybody in the town and hadn't been lately. She had been visiting somebody in the building and this door was open, that's all.

That is when it started, the thing about time and space. I don't half pretend to know what it was all about. Does a scientific standpoint. Maybe Einstein, if he really tried, could have explained it. Anyway, something happened to time, as though it was advanced and things that should have taken a year took a minute, as though we had just met but already knew each other had a lifetime.

We finished just after, and then we walked out of the party and down the stairs and out into the street. The Parisian winter air was very gentle and agreeable. We walked hand in hand down the street and now, with our feet touching, we could look at each other, it was as though we life force—the electricity, energy, what have you, that is as—flowed back and forth and into one another through our eyes or our hands or, later, the rest of us.

You say I haven't described her. All right, that too was a part of the strangeness. I can't describe her. What does it matter what she wore, or whether her hair was dark or light or long or short, or whether her eyes were blue or chocolate? Not this time, it didn't matter! For she was the sum of all the lovely women I've ever had or wanted or dreamed of. She was Woman.

We went to my place, walking by way of the Boulevard de Montparnasse. All the time, you understand, the years were passing. She would say, "The poor little thing," and stoop to scratch behind the ear of a scribbled pup that had been trod upon or kicked—and because she scratched behind his ear instead of just petting. (Good, on p. 147)



MANY STATES OF THE UNION ARE

THE ROAD to Spitzville is paved with gold for the female of the species according to a rash of articles which have recently appeared in a slew of magazines and newspapers. With one out of four American marriages ending on the rocks, these articles reflect the realization of the nation in the fact that it's the man who always pursues and wades through the sea of fat that all females and they set up to a hard, masculine land protecting the high cost of leaving.

Such articles have rightly focused the spotlight of publicity on the arduous divorce laws currently on the statute books of every state in the nation. They've shown how such laws are invariably loaded in favor of the wife. And they've pointed up the circumstances which make divorce a fantastically expensive.

Everything they've said is true, but—and it's a most important but—without exception these articles have dealt with divorce which, while they may stretch the law, always satisfy its requirements and operate within its bounds. They've pointed up the fact that evidence which soldiers is collected and such things as residence requirements are often phoned up, but only in ways showing how such tricks used to satisfy legal requirements add to the cost of divorce. What they haven't done is show how many of these stratagems, utilized with know-how, may help a man shed his wife cheaply.

The truth of the matter is that a man may be shocked for awhile at \$200.

If that figure sounds exorbitant, there are facts to back it up. Consider the case of Ed H., recently divorced who expended his marriage knot at precisely that cost—\$200—all expenses included.

Bill is a backwoods farmer in the state of Alabama. He and his wife recently decided to call it a married day—and Bill went to see a lawyer in the

HOW TO SHED YOUR

HELPING MEN ENTER THE HAPPY STATE OF DISUNION

married small town. The lawyer quickly saw that they were incompatible but incompatibility is not considered grounds for divorce in Alabama.

"Do you drink?" the legal eagle asked Bill.

"No."

"Do you get drunk?"

"No."

"You get drunk once a week, regularly," the attorney instructed him.

A week later Bill was in front of the circuit judge confessing that he got drunk once a week, regularly. Drunkenness is grounds for divorce in Alabama. "Divorce granted," the judge told Bill's wife. "Next case."

The total cost to Bill was \$100, the fee the lawyer charged him for handling the case. It's a standard fee—not just with this attorney, but with a whole new breed of Alabama lawyers specializing in cases which take advantage of the many loopholes of the state's ultra-liberal divorce laws.

It should be pointed out that both the Alabama bar and the great majority of Alabama lawyers look with distaste upon those in their ranks who specialize in quickie divorces. It should also be pointed out that the \$100 fee is usually two or three times that much in the larger cities of Alabama like Montgomery, or Birmingham. However, in the backwoods areas where calls for his services are few and far between, the local Mister is finding that \$100 divorce fees add up to a more lucrative practice than wangling his way onto the public payroll—which used to be just about the only possibility open to attorneys practicing in the sticks.

Are there \$100 divorces available to guys who don't live in Alabama? You bet your single—or married—is in they are! Just add on the cost of long fare and you'll find that Southern hospitality is a hallmark of the divorce. (Cont. on next page)



WIFE FOR \$100

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY WATSON

HOW TO SHED YOUR WIFE FOR \$100

marriage of intractable old Alabama.

The exclusive requirement amounting to the obstacle is one year. In actuality, you don't have to hang around long enough for the man to get on you. All you have to do is sign a sworn statement to the effect that you intend to live in Alabama. Ninety-one husbands checking to see whether you're really set up house-keeping at the state.

Goodbye wives, then easy to step to the other Alabama objection to the effect that the divorced man can't marry for 18 days. It's true that lately with a divorce would be granted if performed in Alabama, but there's nothing to prevent him marrying again, within hours after the decree is granted, in any of the other 48 states of the Union. The other states recognize his Alabama divorce, but don't honor the restrictions placed on it.

The Alabama granting of such hasty divorces from the husband side may be substantiated on a variety of grounds in addition to fraudulence. These include dependence, desertion, adultery, non-support, insanity and mental cruelty. The widest interpretation is given these categories particularly for last mentioned. And they apply equally to male and female with the exception of non-support, of course, since Alabama has every other state in the Union, considers support the duty of the male.

Only one of the parties involved need appear in an Alabama divorce suit. All that's needed is a sworn statement from the other party agreeing not to contest the divorce. Should the other party balk at this, there have been cases where suits have been begun to make documents. The lawyer involved, of course, will have nothing to do with such shenanigans. He'll merely point out the legal requirements to his client—and usually not ask any questions when the signed waiver is brought to him for submission to the court.

Technically, a wife abandoned on the way may have all sorts of legal recourse in actuality, though the evasive husband has a lot of things working for him. For one thing, as soon as the divorce is a few months old, the wife is more apt to accept it than when it's still in the making stage. For another, to challenge it after it's been granted is a costly procedure and even if she wins she then has to bring a separate lawsuit

against her husband to make him pay the bill.

Naturally, the state of Alabama will deny that such things happen. But they do. In fairness, though, Alabama is far from the only place where the law is manipulated to divorce men. Also it's not the only place where a man can dual his wife temporarily. Depending on where he lives and the circumstances surrounding his divorce, the big wife-shedder can hang onto it a lifetime.

For instance, suppose your reason for ditching your wife is that you're caught in a legal maelstrom. To get it you live in the South of someplace close to it, write living papers, you can get your divorce in Florida, Alaska or South Carolina—and the law says you don't have to get the cheating wife sign divorce. There's a husband requirement of six months in Florida, but with divorce suits running full steam there, it's easily and widely skirted. As in Alabama, the big wife shedders charge higher prices—in Florida of about \$200 per split-up, but in small towns, the divorce is far less and one agent is beginning. An often, in fact they'll write for between \$100 and \$200. Another advantage of the husband divorce is that the court authorities aren't involved there the way they are in the big states and the "Kaiser" stamp is usually put on a marriage with little or no delay. Guys in the Carolinas are even sometimes faster than in Florida.

The no-obstacle is actually protecting a man available to the girl who shackles up with in Nebraska or Wisconsin. Only Nebraska requires a two-year residency and widows the requirement (plus a six-month waiting period before the divorce lawsuit that legal fees are considerable compared to the rest of the country). And he still happens down in Alabama or Florida, averaging around \$200 to \$250 per split-up. Few are around the same in Massachusetts which also tolerates a two-year residency and forbids remarriage for one year after granting the divorce.

Is your wife bad-tempered? That's also grounds for divorce in Florida, Kansas or Kentucky where the one-year residency requirement is waived at and many a lawyer up to the bill country will take your case for a \$100 fee. And a lot of bad temper—or worse, for that matter—could be

in public words, many a lawyer's commonplace attorney will get you a divorce for a minimal charge.

Loudness also may be license where an urgent residency requirement is concerned, but it's surprising the man eager to shed his wife in other ways. For instance, it takes a one-year waiting period before the divorce becomes final in all cases except those involving adultery. And in adultery cases the law specifically forbids the guilty party to marry the adulterous partner.

Such restrictions don't stand only in Louisiana, Tennessee and Pennsylvania, have similar laws Chicago, Michigan, Mississippi, and North Dakota have the provisions on to the divorce of the coast. New York, after the guilty party must remain for three years in the state, even if the coast were it. And South Dakota forbids remarriage for the guilty party as long as the innocent is alive.

All 50 states grant divorces on the grounds of adultery. But this is an expensive way to terminate a spouse and usually leaves her with a lifetime claim on you. Also the topic of adultery can be used in most of these states that men based on adultery are irreversibly spotted up with the husband concerning to keep caught in a hotel room, with the other woman. Generally speaking, the far shrewdest to call either husband-income, divorce from the moment of state divorce laws.

One of these is "fault." It stands up in Delaware, Kansas, Ohio, Oklahoma, Rhode Island and Tennessee. Of them, Kansas and Oklahoma are the easiest and cheapest place to obtain divorce. "Fault" is interpreted quite loosely there and there are suits on the books where divorces have been granted on the simple grounds that the husband had a cold, his income, or the wife misrepresented her skills as being better when they were really better. Also, in many cases in the six states where fault is proven, the court doesn't grant property settlements, even in the so-called injured party.

For the man, legal an divorce it will be helpful to have in mind some odd facts about specific states. Here are a few such facts.

Alabama: Impotency is grounds for divorce. It doesn't prevent merely acknowledged by both parties. Legal fees are low, as the Court on a 100

The Great Lover

NO, I JUST
COULDN'T



I'VE NEVER DONE
ANYTHING LIKE
THIS
BEFORE!



AFTER ALL WE'VE ONLY
KNOWN EACH OTHER
SUCH A
SHORT
TIME!



IF I DO, YOU'LL
BE THE
FIRST ONE!



NO, YOU'LL ONLY THINK
ME COMMON
IF I DO!



YOU PROBABLY WON'T
RESPECT ME ANYMORE!



DON'T BE
SILLY, OF
COURSE
I'LL RESPECT
YOU!



WHAT CHANCE DOES
A GIRL HAVE, YOUR
JUST TOO
PERSUASIVE!



WAGNER



GINNY'S A TONIC

Drinking to the limit, Ginny has no difficulty in making herself at home, no matter where she is.

No bachelor's home bar would be complete without an intoxicating beauty like Ginny Extrane to add that "sparkle plenty" touch. She's enough to put any man in highest spirits. What's more, she's bound to get him Schwepped off his feet in a hurry.



Whenever drinks are being served, this beautiful lass proves she can get the GH into CASH.



A senior in college, Ginnys making up a chemistry and eventually hopes to make a career in that field. Yet when it comes to male female chemistry, she doesn't need any formula to make sure she does her



Underneath all her sophistication, Gossie is really that old-timey young at heart.



Admittedly, the playthings do seem like they belong to her rather than to some sterner. If she little get going up to look like Cindy, one thing is certain: She'll have a broad Pol-lyg future, a host of her.





Even though she's industriously career-minded, Gacy secretly hopes to settle down and raise a family.





Even though she's absolutely career-minded, Gerry eventually hopes to settle down and raise a family.

In her own home, this brown-haired beauty reveals she is soothing and relaxed. With her around, life can prove thoroughly cushy for a man.



But right now she's perfectly content to enjoy the greatest pleasure of a good life: only with a still-sizzling flame is there no smoke, but no smoke she gives them all plenty to about "hot red-hot" ideas!





Men who pride themselves on being fast in to-
leance should remember one thing: Never under-
estimate the power of a woman on the make.

THEY HADN'T been playing softly during the air
week a tender melody sang. A single uncer-
tained lamp was turned on. Two people were there—
a man and a girl. The girl recovered the look of her
last week's night. She turned to the man with a
bold smile on her lovely face, saying her look no
longer between would reach possibly soon.

"Come here!" the man said, drawing her with
him, into the bed.

They lay down, and along their bodies moved and
passed together. Now the girl said: "Please please
now!"

At last they separated, moving gently apart. They
each took a cigarette and the look in their

For several minutes the two smoked in silence.
Then the girl reached across the night table for her
cigarette and stared at it. "My God!" she said. "I have
to go!"

"What now?" Can't you stay the night?" The whole
city!"

"You don't know how much I'd love to during
the week waiting. But I can't. My husband—I
told him I was visiting a sick girl friend. It's now
a clock already and if I'm not home he'll never
believe me."

"Is he jealous?"

"Terribly."

"Hush now. Wanting to show you up—keep
you all his friends. I mean really—there's him though."

The girl had recovered her lips and passion and was
now saying up her chest. "Then please don't on the
corner of her eyes. I'll never see you again. I just
can't take the chance!" She smiled, then collected
herself with an effort. It doesn't matter though,
she said, looking her close up. "Wahing Chang has
made love to me a of I say good."

For once he had not to look back, she reminded out
of the apartment. Wahing Chang heard the fading
sound of her showing teeth as she walked down the
hall. He waited, listening for the silence before
switching on the overhead light. He glanced around
his apartment, not forgetting to observe the look of
the smoking cigarette. (Continued on next page)

BEDROOMS AREN'T FOR BOY SCOUTS

STORY BY MORTON J. COLEMAN

BEDROOMS AREN'T FOR BOY SCOUTS

who designed it. With its sleek surfaces, its carefully selected patterns, it was perfectly made for one single purpose: The seduction of a woman.

Craig cringed the whole time, turned off the radio and he made his bed. "Hi, hi," he said aloud when the moon was in Quincey and he could walk into the bed a suggestive woman. At last I can be for myself and get some rest. He closed his eyes and was asleep before he had time to think another thought. The next morning he woke up asking an empty girl if his body had been hit as if it were going to detach itself from his shoulders. His eyes turned soft, a lacy smile was in his mouth. He dragged himself out of bed and went to his bathroom mirror. "My God," he said to his image. "You look great!" He did, too. His jet-blackened eyes were looking into his chest and his mouth had a happy twitch. "And how does it feel, old boy, to be the man who can get any woman he chooses?" he asked the mirror as the mirror showed his skin showed no signs of answering, he continued, himself. "It feels better—than a how it feels!"

I told not to touch the phone to make it with any woman, if all that was getting him down, he decided to be splashed water over his face. It was leaving to prove it at least one time a night and sometimes to clean his skin or hair or more. It was a building pain. Laterally lifting. He shuddered—shaking of the category report and wondering how they would explain it. He had to do something about it. He was going to do something about it.

The first step was to see Marty From. His agent, the man who guided his career as stage actor and lover. He had to see Marty before doing anything else. And Marty would not be happy with his decision.

Marty's office was a tiny, shabby cubicle at the back of the apartment. Craig took a cup of coffee, made a quick phone call to say that he was coming and dialed three times. When he reached the office, he listened the two welcoming overtones and pushed into the inner room where Marty From sat behind his desk, nervously

pulling his long-haired Korean eyes. "What's the matter, my boy?" he said, looking at Craig's beard? They had never been I think if you say thing you had anything you want just tell Marty From."

I want to get women for a while."

"You what?"

I want to get women."

The agent's jaw went slack and his round face went white under its partially exposed skin. "How can you do this to me," he roared. "How can you do this?"

Look, I—

What leads you to do the world's greatest love? What got you hooked on women? Why didn't the great papers take Martin you with white skin? Why got you shot at by an actor husband—and made sure he stayed?"

Why you did that—

And what happened to your career? You're the hottest post singer in the world, aren't you? You have twenty gold records and say name you appear in a guaranteed hit. You don't think you did all that so please, the you? Reading of getting into that is—

Well, I—

My boy, the talent which makes you a success in the talent you get in the bedroom. I don't want to hurt your feelings but when people come to say you they come to see the world's greatest lover. Man you make me, Joan look like a boy with—

Marty sighed deeply. "And you want to give up that top—tell me—after all the time you've got. That's probably for you?"

Look, I'm sorry," Marty Craig said, speaking fast before the agent could interrupt him, again. "But I just can't like any more. Every time I see her I just want to—"

Talking in a low, hoarse voice, he told Marty how he felt.

The agent looked him over critically. "You do look a little run down," the agent admitted.

"Down," Craig said bitterly. "There's a good description."

What are your plans? Marty asked, pointing his finger.

I figured I'd just stay away from girls for a couple of months. I won't

approach them and if any show their love I'll give them the photo to thank you. Then, when I live better, I'll get back into bed, again."

The agent shook his head, nervously. "I wish I did."

Why not?

Because you'll be all through them. The public will have forgotten about you in a couple of months."

"It might be a mistake," Craig said optimistically.

But Marty was still shaking his head. "I would get around that there's something wrong with you and you would be a nervous wreck. You ever hear of a sick business man?"

Craig set his jaw, weakly. "I don't care. I still can't go on."

Suddenly Marty snapped his fingers. "I got it," he said. "I'll go away. On a hunting trip. Leave all your go hunting—I'll be in one week many weeks."

But I don't know how to hunt! Craig protested. I've never shot a gun in my life."

"What difference does that make? We can always have some one to pull the trigger. The important thing is that you'll be away from women for a while."

Yes," Craig smiled happily.

During the next couple of weeks the papers were full of Marty Craig's hunting exploits. He got used to go to the Northway where the country was still relatively free from civilization and where a man could tramp through the woods for days without seeing a house or even a road.

Marty From arranged to have plastic labels of his shirt in knitted clothes holding a shotgun, holding a rifle and holding a fishing rod. "I want to get back to work, please," Marty was quoted as saying. Back in the time when a man was a man and had to go out and kill his own food if he wanted to eat."

It is a known fact that once the newspapers broke up after the last-lyre's proposal with the woman taking these headlines that they could no longer live with women. "Why don't you be a man like Marty Craig?" one woman asked him again. "Really?" I'll never love me, you'd go out and bring home a pig. My



THE JOKER'S GEMS

A playboy was visiting a physician, who asked: "Are you troubled by any sexual symptoms?"

"Why do you ask the playboy? I rather enjoy them."

Probably the man in the world was as stupid as George. If he weren't so stupid he never would have gotten married. The girl he became engaged to did so in that he wanted to break off the engagement. However she couldn't get the ring off and so he had to marry her.

A man who was having sexual difficulties took his wife to the park. On drinking was advised to take up with the business pretty good it is

after awhile, being advised to continue long enough number.

Later the family physician, who knew about the situation, asked the wife: "Has this pain that helped your husband any?"

"Oh yes," the wife replied sarcastically: "Now he can drink when standing on his head."

English newspapers provided the use of the country's hospitals by ordering to Clarence Bower as a model. "You depriving our prisoners" a statement loudly and a reporter.

But what about the male patients of her made by the late Dr. Mann? The reporter asked:

"Hinge," called the model, "to probably did it from history."

For five years, Joe lived with Ann, a religious blonde. He loved her but couldn't get himself to make their relationship legal. Three one night Ann sadly told her lover that she was going to have a baby. That did it. Joe immediately decided they should get married. And so they went down to city hall the next day.

Joe took an advertising agency who knew all about the office called the young ladies-to-be wanted acquainted him and presented him with a plan.

When the baby was born, Joe removed mother from Mary's care. The boys went on vacation. There did Ann with them and Ann had exact total evaluations were. Joe no need more money and you haven't had a first since our first child was born. He simply said: "That has almost your the children have you have to sit up nights with all the babies. Play to his sympathy."

Joe agreed. When he returned home that night Ann asked: "Did you get that plan?"

"Well, no," Joe replied. "I got lost. The boss said I had too many outside interests."

Mary Wadsworth told her friend Polly Gird: "Don't like to tell my own patients that I'm a married man's mistress."

"Why not?" was the reply.

"Well," MaryGirdery, "every time I do these poor doctors back they mean and ask me to prove it."









High Noon



IT USED to be said that the rich are different from the poor because they have more money. Yet, nowadays they have more fun, too. Blonda Joanne Moore isn't rich enough to own a swimming pool, proves she's not really an idle rich by enjoying energetic nighttime sport with her neighbor and friend, Carla Gallo. Anyway, this is how the better-off manage to take time off.

Hi-Jinks

There's a big advantage to owning a private pool—where you can discard your inhibitions with your clothes.









While the successful fathers are not keeping the boys all working in a few moments, the girls decide to engage in a bit of free competition themselves. Yet considering the fact that the temperature is nearly 90 degrees and that the sun is hot, for swimming a bit later company can be another beauty can wait up a little today. For now they are content that a big bath is a sure way to beat the heat.



Can't wait to see
 you go off the deep
 and without worry
 having learned how
 to swim at an early
 age. They can remain
 happy, healthy
 wise—and wonderful!



*After an active day, the girls are ready for a sleazy, happy
that their festa proved to be such a wonderful, big splash.*



NURSERY RHYMES

LOUIS' ANTIMONY

*Louis' bellows falling down,
Falling down, falling down
Louis' bellows falling down,
On the saloop*
*See how it is to hold them up,
Hold them up, hold them up,
See how try to hold them up
On the saloop.*
*But his belt has stretched and snapped,
Stretched and snapped, stretched and snapped.
Gosh, his belt has stretched and snapped,
On the saloop*
*And then made the pants too big,
Pants too big, pants too big,
Og! Then made the pants too big,
For the saloop*
*Louis' busting pointers,
pointers, pointers
Louis' busting pointers,
On the saloop.*
*Now he tells the bawties go,
Bawties go, bawties go,
Now he tells the bawties go,
On the saloop.*
*As he tries to grab his pants,
Grab his pants, grab his pants.
As he tries to grab his pants,
On the saloop.*
*Now he's got 'em, now he don't!
Now he don't, now he don't!
Now he's got 'em, now he don't!
On the saloop.*
*Louis, he runs out the door,
Out the door, out the door.
Louis, he runs out the door,
On the saloop*
*Now poor Louis takes a cab,
Takes a cab, takes a cab,
Now poor Louis takes a cab,
On the saloop*
*But his pants still make the trip
Make the trip, make the trip.
Morn and night they make the trip,
On the saloop!*



THERE WAS A CROOKED MOUSE

*There was a crooked mouse, and she walked
in crooked shoes,
She had a crooked flannel, walking
in crooked heels*
*He knew a crooked dame, who ran
a crooked house
And once the apt is thrown away for the
little crooked mouse!*

PAP-A-CARE

*Pap-a-care, papa-care, tomorrow's bed?
See in father he's gone-or-dead?
Roll her and think her
And use the back door!
Hurry will be home on the
Tide!*

LITTLE FESSIE TUCKER

*Little Fessie Tucker
Sins for her supper,
What should you pay her?
Gold and a liver*

*Better make it ten,
And she buy your life,
Fessie's not above
Squeaking to your wife!*



FOR ADULTS ONLY

SING A SONG OF SEXPOTS

Slap a wing of aspen,
A party full of eye,
Waiting for the champagne
Baked in a pie!

When the pit is opened
The party begins to sing,
And the singers all agree
It blows up the top!

The bear— with his accountant's help—
Counts up all the checks which
Salomon in expense account
Loaded with their sex pitch

So slap a wing of aspen,
Suits are on the rise,
Thanks to naughty studies
Drooping buyers' eyes!



JACK AND JILL AND FANNY HILL

PROFUMO, PROFUMO, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

"Profumo, Profumo,
"Where have you been?"
"I've been to London
"To meet Christmas."

"Profumo, Profumo,
"What did you see?"
"The whole British government
"Running from me!"



Jack and Jill read "Fanny Hill"
While sipping her Dad's brandy.
What Jack read went to his head,
And Jill thought that was dandy.

By Jack not used home did feel,
Surprised Jill saw no soap.
He went to bed to mend his head,
The brandy'd made him queer.

Jill came in, and she did grin
To see Jack's sleep undisturbed.
"For now for good I'm satisfied!"
—Now Jack and Jill are married

FRINKLE, TWINKLE, VILLAGE BAE

Twinkle, twinkle, Village bae,
Now I wonder what you are!
Nodding on a bench in street,
Looking out to help, to heal.

Politeness? Poets? Put inside?
Funnies? Frowns come to Italy?
Wine? Witches on the make?
My throat for out here I'll choke!

But, when I go in I see
TV, juke box, square like me!
Chair upon I've been a cup!
Twinkle, twinkle, Twisted Trug!



SURELY ENTERS FOR ADULTS ONLY
By HARRY COMPTON

ARE YOU



ANYBODY LOVES a fat man? Just ask him a fat man can love! According to the old song (however) the latest scientific research points to the relationship between the appetite for food and the appetite for sex have occurred in rats which led the dirty man's warbling of wretched thinking that sexual traits. It isn't the way females react to the fat rats sexually which keeps him from resembling either it's the fact that he doesn't have rendered him sluggish in matters of puppy.

"Obesity reduces sex interest," we continue to dietary expert Donald G. Collier in his book, *The New Way To Lose the Old Slim*. Michael and approximately research have not. And psychosomatic being both many mental relation to the physical ones which cause the obesity sleep is food toward being under-sized.

The primary physical factor affecting taste pleasure is the size glands. These are regulated by the primary which also regulates the physical gland which interacts in some extent with the sex glands. The thyroid feeding directly to the amount of food a man eats is improved by elevating status in the words of Dr. Kinsey in his study

Recent scientific findings reveal

that men who have to eat well but not

wisely are likely to prove unappetizing

to those great-looking slabs who want

to be removed—with exploration.

BY ROBERT D.
WHITE, M.D.



EATING

Partial behavior of the Human Male does reflect the sexual activity of the individual?

American means Mr. Freud's eye from his numerous activities finding a man always quite simply all that extra weight has reduced around as a direct on his energy. He's not to prove too easily to change in status and if he should, he's likely to find himself a relatively poor lover.

This tendency leads to frustration, and where they can find, a variety illustrated by the case of Henry VIII the famous phallosome King of England. History tells us Henry was more interested in satisfying himself than making love to his various queens. And on three occasions when he did have his enjoyable sexual acts that tendency to was usually too shifted to perform.



YOURSELF

A King of course, wouldn't want to eat anything but to be beautiful hair of his six wives on the pretext that they were frail. A 16th. Anne Boleyn, who died for mating in infancy a crime which his Henry's impetuous drove her to commit. Henry's lack of sex drive was probably due to a third physical factor resulting from over-eating his life. The excess of his rapid meals were naturally lacking in high-protein foods. And therefore









The eye smiles and the ear of Los Angeles with an old time house on her side, she really got it made. She can have the way she pleases



Whenever the mood strikes her, she'll make some poetry. Her lines are a great pleasure to read







America's Beatnik Beauty

—The article

"How I've Missed the

—The article

—The article

—The article

—The article

—The article

—The article

—The article

—The article

—The article

—The article



There are also many times when she likes to go on for a busy season of painting. Her efforts may not be spent, but she still gives us the "beast" life.



She loves reading Alan Ginsberg, whom she calls the King of the Beats, and also Max Jack Korman.

















It's hard to believe, but she recently turned down a chance to take a Hollywood screen test.

Told her "I can always take a part-time job whenever I need to earn some bread, Boudier, if you ask me, I think movies these days are strictly for squares." It's a dash, though, that if she did make the films, she'd be helping plenty of squares to enjoy a happier, well-rounded life.



H.B. Harris—

Even though a flawless love should prove ready and willing, a man shouldn't kid himself about what he can do.

I'M 25 YEARS OLD and at last I'm got a virgin any more. Maybe that seems a minor accomplishment for a guy my age to boast about in today's free-wheeling world. But you see, I'm a special case—a hard case, you might say—and have been ever since that confidence-shaking moment when I was 15 years old. Before then I had nothing but confidence where things like sex and women were concerned. Having no experience with either, why not?

It was the first summer I went with my family to the Cape instead of being shipped off to a boy's camp for vacation. My parents' vacation that is, not mine. I hated that camp and even today I'm convinced that the privileges of taking tall your last shower, eating half-cooked potatoes over an open fire, making your own bed, washing your own clothes, listening to sex lectures from men—others only a few years older than yourself—are really the elements of the ideal vacation. But my parents remained convinced that it was Harvard they were shipping me to each summer until my thousand-hour ordeal on the utility of improve that industry was rampant at the camp and that the owner had the reputation among the boys of being off beat. None of this was really true—at least, not exactly so—but it did the trick. When the summer had ended and the blather subsided, it was decided, I was to

spend the summer on the Cape with the folks.

Even before the summer started, I began making plans. You see, although I'd known some girls and heard lots of talk from older boys, I had no firsthand experience of the thing which so clearly separated the boys-who-were-men from the boys-who-were-boys. Thus it was my intention to make of this summer the proving-ground of my manhood.

To do this, I realized that I had to project a certain kind of image—one I'd had no experience with before. I had to put myself across as a sophisticated guy who'd been around—preferably a guy of around 18 or 19. You see, the one thing my former friendships had taught me was that a fellow who seems to know what (it's all about) will get a lot further with girls—particularly those who've had some experience of their sex—than the fellow who's blatantly a young innocent.

In a couple of ways, I was lucky in establishing this image. I was a big kid for my age and all those summers of being at camp had filled me out given me muscles and the physical development that goes with an older appearance. So I could pass for a college boy. Also, nobody knew me at the Cape so I could invent any kind of background for myself I wanted. I settled on Harvard because I'd heard of the beer parties they had there. Also, it was (That's on next page)

The Effervescing Casanova

PICTURE BY AN ANONYMOUS



**Frights
For**

**Sore
Eyes**



"I'll bet she knows nothing about making
natural curls."



"But you told me that tonight I was unbearable,
perhaps I was to leave the door open. Mother."



"Well, I don't think you have what it takes
to get ahead in the business."



"Come on, Betty, don't you know there's a war on?"









The Brightest Lights of



Anna Torro



Anne George



Sherry Airgood



Diana Dufresne









Tyra Banks



Gisele Bündchen



Night School

Ever since 1826, when the Lyceum of Boston was organized to provide education for adults, night schools have been mushrooming steadily all over the U.S. Today it is estimated that nearly 36 million men and women are attending classes for the purpose of getting diplomas, advanced degrees, specialized training or just plain general knowledge. With night school having achieved such popularity, the editors of *A&E* conducted a private survey to discover the most popular night school coeds. The lucky winners with the most dazzling looks are shown on these pages. Like most after-dark scholars, these beauties also work during the day. Some are actresses and models while others are office workers and secretaries. Yet, while these ladies may have looks that seem too good to be true, they're all striving for higher learning (which philosophers call the real good, true and beautiful). Most of all, these glamour queens are proving that where education has become an adult affair, night life couldn't be brighter or more exciting.











Fiona Scott

*Sandra Jayakob
(The Four's Court Girl)*



Heidi Stahl

Maryann Douglas



Though they know the ABC's of
glamor these smart-looking beauties

also know that nowadays it's the smart girl who gets "absent" in life. With brains to
match their glamor, it's quite understandable why they're the apple of their teachers' eyes.





and today's





James Watson

A LOOK AT

AMERICA'S



BY STAN LOFT

TODAY'S ROMEDS REVEAL IT TAKES MORE THAN MONEY TO
GIVE THEIR PLAYMATES THAT "SWOONDERFUL" FEELING.

FASTEST PLAYING PLAYBOYS

NOT LONG AGO a Hollywood studio, in an effort to build up one of its new TV series on a dating level, set its publicity goal south to work. For Hollywood the situation was—plainly and simply—standard operating procedure. But for the young actor, who was doubtless given to writing weekly letters to his mother, the character was more than he could bear. He was lured by his talent with the studio's most promising prospects. He was recruited by agents of his involvement as late January 1977. And finally he became afraid and terrified when a New York model he had been seeing eventually fell in love with him to desperation the actor "disappeared" as a great-the-world-craze—had before departing, he told the press. The studio is sure they're trying to make one of the playboys that that sort of stuff is old hat. It seems a reasonable guess.

Typical Hollywood publicity battle is now being in the past. The old-time hard-drinking, wild-playing American has disappeared from the scene. Yet, in their place you'll find a playboy with a different image—a more sophisticated, friendly, more type, who thought he was dedicated to poverty, and his brotherhood, and a different style—a deep and meaningful style.

There are good reasons for this. There have not simply been the means of using a man, but in these times of money, expense, economic, commercial, making, the man on the high-income brackets, possibly the highest of the decade who never works as hard as they do playing, and being high cultured, who they would look old friends who have more on the ball than being willing, ready and able to make do with a pretty face and a famous name.

Perhaps, nobody has tested the fact that you can't be playing seriously with working men, but the successful partner of the Los Angeles Angels, the Hollywood A star, you with the career, back on field and off. We have not, he must be, managed to have a partner during his career career. However, the young man, maybe I mean the independent situation, that was helped upon him, much of a demand, I will eventually stopped back into his old form of being as is and more.

In the scene he had a more recent on the scene—and possibly because he was paying more attention to career off the demand. While playing for Pittsburgh he spent more a time with a Hispanic player, even named Roberto Alomar, who eventually followed him to the Los Angeles training camp.

Eventually he broke off with her and picked her up later. Then he made headlines when with shocked interest, accused her of being too strong in his own in the early hours of the morning. She later told him he had been cheating on her, as physically exhausted and wanted. And she covered promises, saying he didn't that he asked her saying that she merely wanted her head on his and following in a moment.

Later the Angels' playboy was observed making the

same with Ann-Margret and Connie Stevens. Finally he became engaged to blonde bombshell Marisa Van Deren, of whom he said: "She'll help me keep my mind in my pants."

As it turned out, though, this mind was more on getting too than baseball. When the Angel management—thoroughly disgusted at the way Melusky performed, having a ball in playing, influenced to step him down in the season, he broke off with her and her sister, Lynn. Even today observers will tell you that this career as a player will depend on his success as a pitcher—and he'll only make it big in both departments when he can separate the two activities in his mind.

Perhaps he should take a cue from career disappointment, John Naspang, Mark, or perhaps Greg Gerson, two career success, both with women and work.

All old-time sports dates back to the era when playboys would disappear into baseball. All sportswomen following the type, in this sport displayed the fact that he possessed his much intelligence and drive to disappear, not steadily and eventually he took over the family silver, finally becoming the big man of the Big Top.

(Continued on next page)



A LOOK AT AMERICA'S FASTEST PLAYING PLAYBOYS

However, while he was keeping the public happy by playing them with his considerable collection of books, records and records he will manage to find time to dally with regular Las Vegas French actress Catherine Leroy (who he married and divorced), another French actress, Genevieve Derraux (who), Ann Mearns, started Clara Bow and another starlet, Della Dars, apparently glimpsed in (looking at least the new Mrs. Rand).

Ding Cansheng, the entrepreneur who founded the company, has proved an equally prodigious builder. Internationally famous as a designer of clothes for women, Cansheng (whose other name is Hu Jialin) has displayed a flair for choosing girls as well as keeping them out of the limelight.

In his proper dog, Qing revealed a more intimate attitude about his opponents as he fell in love with patient medicine before, Master Mervy Palsbury suddenly is married to him, but after twenty minutes ended a hell and hard to the West Coast where he became a dragon for Palsbury. There he met Gene Barry, and even again Capote's membership had him sweeping down the window side.

However, since his second divorce, Carson has managed to play it cool with the girls, keeping both their plaudits and their agha. Included in his list of conquests have been Barbara Fretting (who also modeled for him), Mary McCormack and Claire Kelly, the whom he has now signed designing suits for marriage.

[illegible]

Manufacturers like Wal-Mart, whose suppliers come and go, threaten to limit its entry in its strong right. Its strong staff has brought him throughout the world as well as other countries. And now New York reviewer. He is unquestionably the big American retail store. But, his fallow with the economy, his

managed to make headlines with two allegations of feathering nests out of control.

Just as Brando has created a new image for the American actor, so also has he established a unique stamp for the U.S. playboy third-rate comic. You have to understand that Marlon just isn't typical in anything he does. You can never have him self-consciously trying to be different, but that doesn't apply to the way he behaves with women. Marlon actually falls in love with the girls he goes steady with. Whether the relationship lasts a week, or a few months, isn't really his concern.

But one may just get it. "Bosch's accounts may have taken an unusual slant, but the account is strictly French," Lippincott said in the research report. If it actually is untrue, it still may be.

Back on stage, he could be viewed simply as the self-appointed boss of the musical numbers, playing Hugh Hefner for whom the latter had composed a new musical number for the American Radio. He actually looks both comically and to the boys and those days of the Twenties when the first a girl could come to a man was being an important situation.

“What we’re selling is good health, speed, travel against the things that have been running America and Hitler. The philosophy is that you should work hard and play hard and drive to get the most out of the automobile, your most

Whether the work and play distinction seriously does characterize the modern American playboy and woman, whether the man who plays is what they growth really normal, the Webster image of an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel, however.

Unhappy? Here's how to make your Amish playhouse a safer, more popular space. Frank Scobbe, author of *Amish*, is in his home in the Amish community of Lancaster, Pa. (800) 451-4511.

An unpermeable system, an ideal leader of foods, its interests of President and administrators. Science could probably be described as the idea driven and succeeded in getting into the "unpermeable" zone.

With numerous other technologies, some extent of the same price effect

Indian women comes on her of whom he was known as the "Wagon Girl" as the image of Helene's pliancy. Her unapproachable beauty at the present is reflected in genuinely beautiful friends who purchase her portrait and place like the time he had his first peak with a Hollywood night club that displayed a photograph by Helen Fisher has extraordinary Chicago modeler Kate Ottomans who California Lodge "outlet" provided the art of the Nevada officials and led to his selling him when granting tobacco in that party has demonstrated to the point that he was wearing "Julia Francis" (society to read her her stock in her own "society") all of these studies do not characterize a man who is overly worried about what others think of him.

One girl who loves Minnie and who quite I want to be married to, that I repeat it. Oh the chance for love is not denied! He calls every girl, George! Yet if the lady who is to be my handmaid for long, He trusts you like a friend, his equal And of course, if he loves you, he must be very kind and considerate.

There is a quite different impression from the one created by a Playboy Club lobby as appeared on a television show two years ago and that I don't really like the picture of the female being only an accessory of a man. The girl's accomplishments seemed too far to reach, and later Victor Lowmyer, a British male journalist—5 years in the express as left-handed point of view, and we might be somewhat in error as not giving the exceptional women full credit that we freely believe that women are not such a minor.

It is a well-documented African and fairly accurate description of the New Wave to play with women. For whether Father chooses to recognize the fact or not, Africanism (and even Kannyang) females have been emancipated far more than men. You could be a militant artist with a degree in that went out of style with the 1980s artists.

A day in past courted not long ago in the Via Veneto, where hard-playing fathers buy not hard-working. John Barrymore Jr. made headlines on the result of number of his frequent friends. (Cine.com 11)

DAYTIME

BY WILLIAM LINDEN



Love is a Sloppy Affair

*Real-life men and women have to work
hard to match fictional lovers at play*

THEY TALKED her in too strong, manly arms and their lips were clasp together with the convulsing laughter of passion. Blushily they look to the crowd. His fingers tangle in her hair as the kiss goes their value above the other hand slides between the buttons of her blouse and with feverish spasms they to undo them. Later he begins to gently stroke the length of her strong calves bare. Their clothes fall away. Blushily their bodies are caught in a moment of ecstasy. And then—failure.

You've seen the scene over or variation of it in a hundred foreign movies. You've seen watered-down versions in many a Hollywood film. You've seen still water dramatizations in stageplays. And you've read descriptions of such love scenes—in a varying degree of sensuality—in our latest 1937 motion.

But the novelist, the playwright, the producer of screenplays, in imitating the idealist thinker for us all

like the politician-stater of the real scene, and when he may not dream them up out of whole cloth, he's still imagining every scene a lot of reality. The scene he's picturing is, in itself, and are as precise data for about of the ideal.

Take the scene described above. It isn't necessarily an "ideal" because love is a sloppy affair. Think why? To read this it would probably come off more so follows.

He takes her in his arms and their faces catch passionately. Their lips meet and he is startled—by the smell of perfume on her breath. She pushes her head away on the pressure. Her eyes flash at punishing him upper lip. His feet hurt and his arms grow weary from supporting her as they both try to shift to a more comfortable position at the same time with the result that they lose their balance and fall awkwardly onto the bed. His fingers tangle in her hair and she gasps: "He caught you just. I just had a premonition!" Her other hand slides

See next page

Cynthia Norval has a busy time, visiting an old, remodeled California

home, but what catches her fancy most is a French statue, a true

Collector's Item



See next page





A wrought iron lamp, brought over from Germany, is another relic, evoked by Kissing Beauty



On the grounds of the old house, egging up Cynthia turns out to be a silly sight indeed



While following Miss Marnal around on her busy tour photo-graphical, David everything turned out. Marnal really



Among the various objects of art was an old sports page (one egg, page). We need to fill it later, however, with something Cynthia would. A vision to behold, she proves to be what dreams are made of—as well as the most treasured collector's item in the house.







She Could Have Belly Danced All Night

"HKT! That's for me!" Jim Lofton grinned happily as he stared at the girl in the abbreviated leotard costume who was just preparing to go into her dance.

"For me," Fred Bracken corrected. Only he was so deeply content.

The two girls at the table glanced at each other sympathetically, as if agreeing that they had made a big mistake in allowing the men to take them to this night club. They were sisters, Sally and Rita Martin. Sally and Jim had a thing going on, and since Fred was Jim's best friend, the four of them sometimes double-dated. Tonight, they were all together at the Caire Room—a place renowned for its belly dancers. And Nella Amour, the young belly who had stepped onto the stage and descended by the local press as being the most beautiful example of the breed that even the Caire Room had ever seen.

The two women sighed and resigned themselves to letting their dates stare at Nella. There was really nothing else that they could do. Nella was something to stare at! Her long, bare torso did not have the pudgy, fleshy look of so many belly dancers. Between the barely transparent leotard and the

black leotard with their trailing transparent skirts, her body was so supple and flexible as that of a snake. And the twirlings and contortings it went through would have made any self-respecting serpent green with envy. As soon as the lady, straight white legs, it was obvious that Nella's belly dance was far from sham. Every little movement, indeed, had a meaning of its own—and it was perfectly plain as to exactly what that meaning was. Even the women had a certain amount of unobtrusive admiration in their eyes. As for the men, they were fascinated.

"A girl like that can be dangerous," Jim Lofton said when Nella was through.

"What do you mean?" Fred asked slowly, as he gradually came out of his trance.

"If she should give one of those body shakes at the wrong time, it could damn near kill a man."

"What a way to go!" Fred asked, dramatically.

"I think you're disgusting!" Rita said, pointing her nose at the coking.

"Both of you," her sister agreed.

Jim turned to Sally in order to recapture her ground. Soon, the two of them were laughing, clutching their knees together. (Cont. on next page)

Whenever this sizzling siren performed, she had a lot more twists than met the eye.

FICTION BY ROBERT HOYTALL



SHE COULD HAVE BELLY DANCED ALL NIGHT

and giving every indication that they could hardly wait to be intimately alone. First, on the other hand, was hardly bothering to pay attention to his date. He had never been so busy with Rita, but she was a slow and awkward girl whom he normally paid a good deal of attention to. Being a gentleman, for example, he would always try to do just a little bit harder than he knew she'd allow and tell her for the one to show him time.

But just tonight, tonight he was in an unusual frame. After they all left the club, Kelly and Jim did their usual disappearing act in order to make a stop over at Jim's place. Fred took Rita to the apartment she shared with her sister. This was the moment for the friendly wrestling sport when one of Fred's hands drove down while the other would attempt to choke. Rita looked far-well for the moment, shaking as the last before—still one of those days she just might let him have what he was after.

Only an midnight call: Fred found the undressed girl lightly on the chair and went home to dream of better dreams.

The next morning he decided that his woman-to-be was young unless he could at least meet Kelly. He did the address of her hotel through the simple maneuver of asking the waiter and pretending to be a newspaper columnist. Using the same approach, he was able to arrange to visit her that same afternoon.

Kelly had a suite of two rooms at the Hotel Randolph which served mainly to middle-class tourists traveling alone and alone—business professionals. When Kelly opened her door, she was dressed in a neat and modest but which tried to lead to make her natural charms. "The suit was so uncomfortable in demand her sister, however, that Fred did not stay within the small, money-making one who was sitting quietly in the corner until Kelly introduced them.

"This is Alice Kruger, my rather nice neighbor," she said.

Fred felt an immediate twinge of pity which vanished as he shook hands with the man who seemed

like a collection of stiffly married women. The hand they was shaking was then was soft like an old woman's stuffed sock and forth on his that like a nervous cat.

With quickly got rid of the human one and turned the most overwhelming smile at Fred that he had ever caught.

"Now about that interview?" she said.

"I'm afraid I come here under false pretenses," Fred admitted, nervously.

"Oh?"

"Yes. I . . . I saw you at the Club Room last night and I fell in love with you there." These words when repeated may sound silly and unconvincing. But Fred put his whole heart and soul into them. He went on too telling her exactly how much he loved her and why.

At that Kelly was angry. She had after all expected to have a man write-up in the papers that he was an even more dedicated admirer of the very best. And Kelly was all woman.

"You bastard!" she murmured, at last. "I'm really furious!"

"Oh, please. I'm the one who is furious. You're the one who is telling me to be telling to you here. Even if we never see each other again, Jim is to be able to keep the memory that you and I were once close together."

Kelly looked her long, dark eyes.

"May I have just more love?" Fred asked, hesitatingly. "I know it's presumptuous, but . . ."

"That?"

"May I have . . . one kiss?"

Kelly nodded her head, negatively, and Fred's mouth brushed lightly against her delicate lips. At last it started out to be a light touch. Once Fred felt their lips touch, however, every gentlemanly and/or shy impulse left him. His arms tightened about her as if that one motion he changed her against him and here as bravely could a lack of support make it impossible for him to go on.

"My goodness," Kelly said, weakly, "you do have hidden talents. My friend?"

"You like I said?"

"I don't think so," the girl said, opening her arms wide. "Let's try it again and find out!"

And at that moment there was a rap at the door. Kelly stopped back for one shining so much. "Damn," she said. "Tell me how I can get in touch with you?"

"Fred."

"The door bell ring again. It had an instant sound to it."

"Hurry."

Fred scratched his stomach and phone number on a piece of paper and handed it to her. Kelly smiled a little but didn't open the door. The longer that Fred had been over walked into the room. He was dressed in an Eastern looking costume of heavy trousers and loose silk shirt. There was a looking on his head, coming in his ear-lobes and making wonder in his eyes. To top off everything that, he was carrying a stem but without-looking around shaped wrist.

"What's going on here?" the bartender asked in a deep, barely concealed voice.

"This is Mr. William Kelly," Kelly said, quickly. "Has a reporter?"

"Oh," and Kelly looking Fred over with a hint of disappointment on his face.

"Who . . . who are you?" Fred muttered.

"My girlfriend," the girl said, lightly.

Kelly's laughing laughter "rang through the room." "Yes, the bartender asked me to take care of her."

"Foolish!" Fred repeated. "I gave you better to leaving."

"I would be a great idea."

"But before I go, what is that thing you're carrying?" Fred pointed at the curved stick.

"My sword. It is very useful as a discoverer of enemies." Kelly's laughter looked again. "After all, quick strike a man is no longer considered a hero."

"Goodbye," Fred said, waving his hand. Love was important to decide that the ability to make love even more so.

With Fred reached his apartment he had just about come up top of over seeing Kelly again. He threw himself on his bed. (Fred on p. 19)





MISS FROM OL' MISS

While visiting
a friend's plantation
near Liberty, lovely Maria Frolicher
became a sight that men can really enjoy to...











A "Bones of the South" (top) stops leaves crawling up by the garden as she takes a nap of the planter.

A very tall like her in Jackson, she found her self up to a neck by the morning sunbathing.



Under most plantation houses, the one was built in English Tudor style. It was recently bought by family of Maria's friend.



FOLLOWING in the footsteps of Maria's aunt, many of those beautiful lovely Maria's friends, plans to leave soon for New York City, where she hopes to begin a career in television. A college graduate, with a major in Maria's aunt, Maria developed a keen interest in William Faulkner, and when she was invited to visit the family's plantation of a friend, not far from where the late, great writer lived, she jumped at the opportunity.

The visit filled her with a keen sense of Southern history and traditions which she hopes to take North with her. It's a catch that as soon as Maria reaches New York she'll have men there waiting tropically. She's what I like about the South!



The sexy beauty from Mississippi
hasn't played her cards in TV career in New
York. The odds are good she'll soon
be putting the odds into television.



NATURE BY ROGER WILLIAMSON

THERE is a world of nature, a world where people are afraid of reality." The speaker was Victor Hugo Sharff, one of the most intellectual newspaper editors the world has ever known. "In fact," the great man said, slumping the wall with his fist to emphasize the point, "these people don't know their husbands from their wives!"

I sat in his office, used by the corresponding copyist of his argument and gleamed with pride. It was an honor, I felt, to work for such a man. He continued his tirade: "Dr. Angus Shappard of Glasgow University puts it this way: 'The uneducated nature in England and America today stems more from a fear of taking anything seriously than from a deep-seated protest against society's depravity.' Indeed, I agree — the poor people are afraid of reality, so they build their own moral world of nature. They make fun of everything we should hold dear: motherhood, the D.A.R., television, schoolyard — Nothing is safe, nothing is sacred!" His face went red. "By heaven — they'll be satirizing newspapers next!"

I leaped to my feet. "Why, they'd never dare, Sir! As a risk reporter, I'll defend the society

of —" I tried to think of those things I'd defend.

Mr. Sharff gave an island of me. "Oh, hold down, Sir, Chairman!" He continued. "I want you, the best risk reporter on my staff, to teach down this nature story, get the facts, find out what's behind it. Who, that is, is underestimating the very industries upon which society stands by means of the most hideous device ever perpetrated by man or beast. I believe you understand me." One sharp sentence rose up into his hairline.

I didn't, but I could guess. "You mean Communists?"

He nodded. "Exactly. I been fighting them bastards for forty years. It was bad enough when they took over Russia and then China. I don't mind so much when they wrecked Cuba and like that. But this nature stuff—well, life time is really tight back! They're not going to make fun of my newspaper!"

Mr. Sharff's paper is the Daily Monthly. It's called that because although it would like to be a daily it comes out monthly. Mr. Sharff isn't worried, possibly, but he thinks we're moving ahead too fast. You know, automation and stuff.

So he makes us write all our articles with cross quill pens, and the paper is printed on an old hand press which he got on sale when the museum bought down. As Mr. Sheriff says "Quality takes time. The people will wait a month for their daily paper if it's a good one." On this premise he built an empire that stretches from the Fifth Street Yacht Basin almost to the George Washington Bridge.

"I'll do my best, Sir," I said, smiling.

As I sat out, pushing the clock as I did so, Mr. Sheriff pulled. "A good job on this could mean a promotion for you. We might even give you your own waste basket. How long you have a rub reporter for the way?"

"Since I was nineteen, Sir," I said proudly.

"And how old are you now?"

"Thirty-seven."

Mr. Sheriff smiled and shook his head. "That man here takes real talent."

Blind at such praise, I lurched out into the freezing street, clutching my cross quill pen to my breast. I resolved to justify my mentor's faith in me. I would get at the root of this debacle. And plot to undermine society by means of satire. The first place to go, I decided, would be the place

where most of the great problems of the world were being considered and solved—where most of the world's great orators congregated: The United Nations.

At the UN Security Council, I cornered a very distinguished-looking gentleman with an attaché case and a very worried look on his face. His name I decided, be on the way to solve some problem of international caliber. "Sir," I said, "would you care to comment on the latest Communist plot to undermine society? You know, the satire bit." I pointed my cross quill above a sheet of foolscap.

"Look, Pats," the distinguished chap said. "I'm a left-handed salesman and I just landed in here to find the room's gone. Now tell you got lost before you make me run my only rat?" With that, he went hammering down the marble corridor. I wished him luck.

I then strode into the great hall where the Security Council was in session. In my pork pie hat, suppressed, unswitched tweed jacket and pipped shoes, I presume the guards mistook me for a delegate because they did not molest me. Around me, the most distinguished men in the world were taking part in world government. On the podium one was giving. (Cont. on next page)



Everybody has
become a self-
styled orator
these days. Yet,
what good is a
sense of humor
when the sense
is missing?

A CRYING NEED TO LAUGH

a vital speech about disarmament. To prove their ability to concentrate on two things at once, many of the delegates were keeping one ear cocked to the speaker while engaging in games of poker, craps and spin-the-bottle.

I sidled up to an elderly, obviously intellectual leader in the back row. It took a while to wake him up, but when he came to, I asked, "Do you believe, Sir, that if the satirists of the world were to unite, they might drive a helpless society to the farther reaches of the Universe?"

The distinguished man took out a comb and ran it through his beard while gathering his thoughts. He said, "You, pal, don't look as if you knew your goddam backside from your elbow. How'd you ever get in this place? Guard?"

The guard came over. After listening to both our stories, he said, "Sorry, you'll have to go up to the balcony with the rest of the riff-raff." And he made sure the man in the beard went, too, shoving him along with a hammerlock. When I left, the distinguished man was giving a speech on how to run the space race. Since there was no microphone in the balcony, he had to shout pretty loud.

Disconsolate, I trudged out of the UN, wondering whether or not I should jump into the nearby East River. But that, I decided, would solve nothing; it would be an admission of failure and would give the satirists a leg up on humanity I had to lick this thing!

Well, I decided, if the intellectuals didn't know the answer, perhaps I should go to the people. I snapped my finger—of course! The grass roots! Perhaps their answers might not be couched in the same esoteric terms, but with their simple wisdom, might they not give me a more genuine answer to this grave question—an answer that the rest of mankind might understand?

Coming up the steps of the Security Council toward me, dressed in the worst-looking rags—and with rags wrapped about his feet—was one of society's dregs, a lost soul who, having been left bereft of all worldly goods by the rest of the world, was coming to the UN to—To what? To forgive the world, perhaps. Or possibly to make an impassioned plea, from the balcony, for humanity to wake up before it was too late. My heart went out to the poor wretch as he held a newspaper-wrapped parcel closely to his body. His last possessions, doubtless. He

would give me a straight answer, by heaven!

I clapped a friendly hand to his shoulder. "Look here," I said in a strong, encouraging voice, "there is a Communist plot to—"

The poor fellow's eyes popped open and he fell to his knees before me. He thrust out the newspaper-wrapped parcel. "I don't know how you found out," he jabbered almost incoherently, "—but I give up. Take the damn thing and throw it in the East River. It's set to go off in thirty seconds!"

Confused, I unwrapped the package. Inside was an old alarm clock that was ticking away like anything. It was attached to a fuse buried in ten pounds of plastics explosive. Or maybe it was bread dough. Anyway, although I hated to ruin a perfectly good clock, I hurled the package onto the sidewalk, at which the ragged man fell over in a faint. Hailing a passing policeman, I turned the whole ridiculous mess over to him and continued my mission, still seeking a genuine member of the grass roots from whom to get my story.

I found him, it appeared, late in the afternoon, after working my way to Times Square. There, resting my weary body at the base of Father Duffy's statue, I cast my eyes skyward. Not to regard the tall buildings, those hateful symbols of advancement and detestable progress—but to scan the pigeons, those free creatures symbolizing, in their winged beauty, the soaring dream of peace which—oops!

I took out my handkerchief. It would cost me a buck to get my pork pie hat cleaned! I resolved to write a letter to the *New York Times*, supporting the recently formed movement to rid the city of those filthy, lazy birds!

At that moment I realized that I was not alone. Looking up, I perceived a man rubbing industriously at the head of Father Duffy with a cleaning fluid. Clad in faded blue jeans, he was quite evidently an honest workman, a toiler with his hands. No decadent statesman, he—no Commie bomb thrower, no salesman with a weak kidney. No, this was the real article. A grass root! He, with his uncomplicated mind, would tell me the answer I was getting desperate for. (It was damn near time to punch out.)

"Holla," I called. "I'm looking up this thing on satire. Would you care to comment on it?"

He looked at his watch and, understandably, continued to scrub

Duffy's head while speaking: "The profusion of satire today—and most of it, heaven help us, is atrocious farce or limp comedy—has resulted in the unusual phenomenon in which everybody is afraid to take issues, mores, criteria, the id, the psyche—the very stuff of life—seriously. It is symptomatic of the age—the fear of criticism, the fear of self, the fear of fear—and manifests itself in the collective, mass anesthesia prevailing in every stratum of society." He spat on an especially stubborn spot and rubbed vigorously.

I walked away in disgust, not to say disappointment. Of all the eight million people in New York, I had to pick on some kind of nut!

Just when I was about to give up hope of getting my story—just as I conjured up visions of losing my job of nearly two decades before I received my new waste basket—I found him. Or, rather, her—for my benefactor was, in truth, a girl—a benefactress! She was walking along 42nd Street between 7th and 8th Avenues; because of the warmth of the day, she was clad in simple habilis consisting of a thin, clinging skirt, a thin clinging blouse and mesh stockings that looked very fetching through the slit in her skirt. She was so very friendly, I simply had to stop and interview her.

Time was running out. If I couldn't get my satisfaction from The Man on the Street, I would get it from a Woman on the Street.

"Do you," I began, "have any strong ideas about the Commie plot to foment revolution through satire?"

She leaned toward me and rubbed her chest against mine, breathing peppermint on me. "Honey, I got strong ideas, all right. In fact, just one look at your handsome mug and I'm practically drooling. Why don't you come up to my room and we'll talk about it?"

This was wonderful! I had never before elicited such cooperation; never had it been so easy to get an interview! Before she changed her mind, however, I hurried her up to her room which chanced to be in a nearby hotel. Once there, Ida (her name) took off all her clothes in a gesture of innocent freedom. "Let's get comfortable," she said, "—and let's get it over with."

I told her I too was in a hurry. While she undressed me, she started the interview for me, which I thought was nice of her. And it was frightfully warm in that verdant room. "I'll bet," she said, "that you've had plenty of (Cont. on p. 78)







Keyed Up...

Dead End didn't quite follow Horne's Greeley's advice to go West (she went to Key West instead), but she's found sufficient white-space space to satisfy any girl-or-mom. What's more, her status is proving the Key to a bright, new future for her.



One of Horne's top models found out part of her earnings to invest in any of Key West's surely big it makes. Already the investment is paying off in five minutes. whenever she flies out here.











By what recently has become a 'topping' smart artist and the public. Doubtful your club about her model



Yet it's not only business that attracts her to the undercurrent city of the U.S. The view is marvelous







A name of Florida Beach has visited the boys many times in his "yellow" and is attached to the name. The children can be worried up there. Maybe it is great place to work, but for playing the boys are free and "beach".



Beach garden for flowers. Maybe she has found the right way to make it. At the same time, the presence of the beautiful new garden on a sandy beach is a good thing for the children of Bay West.

Those legendary athletes also showed

SPORTS FANS with a touch of nostalgia tend to exaggerate the performance of the old-time greats. We have grown strong in today's strivings from football to three leagues that when it comes to those extraordinary athletes away from the playing fields and prize rings you have to acknowledge the supremacy of the old-time athletes. Take an expert Johnson, with his famous jump rules, or a Joe Robinson, with his Hollywood fun and games and put him alongside a Jack Dempsey, a Babe Ruth or a Henry Kisseloff and you'll see how badly lacking our own day is in real athletes and men. The short career of a boxing backword should illustrate the point.

When it comes to wild and unbridled, even led by horses the little crowd certainly goes to a middleweight named Ramsey Kisseloff. Kisseloff himself looked to the Michigan Amateur held the world heavyweight down back in the days before World War I when boxing was just barely legal. He trained in a Philadelphia manager named to have at least a quarter of chance with him at all times, and his technique made by a Broadway basketball sensation, often fought while under the influence of opium and was shot to death at the age of twenty-four while sleeping with the lady friend of a Marine lieutenant.

Before he began his boxing career Kisseloff had been a boxer. One of his managers were put him in the New York City from a boxing hall the Michigan Amateur was away able to put much of a credit as an undefeated fighter has short-lived success and sports Kisseloff was one of the great boxers of his era. He was

fought in the heavyweight class at times and he made a few showings against the champ of the day Jack Johnson. But Kisseloff's outside interests when worked opened his ring career. Once in Philadelphia he decided to return to a saloon and ring a celebrated fight. The fight was very successful at that time of events and continued a great while and Kisseloff out of town.

The next notable manager Kisseloff ever had was the friend William Mauer. Mauer was a mechanic player on man vs. Kisseloff deeper and more violent. He would throw Broadway plays and street scenes. His brother had Felix Beach, Florida. Mauer according to his legend required the management of the Michigan Amateur in a rather unusual way. Kisseloff

was hand managed by a sportswriter and continued with the impossible pace of three days. When Kisseloff and Kothel were traveling home from a fight Kisseloff, who had a great business for Mauer, appeared in those Philadelphia drawing rooms and set him on pace as long as the small dinner opportunities. He said he had decided to would like William Mauer to be his manager from there forward. Kisseloff made one of the most notable mistakes of all time. "That's fine," he said.

It was while under Mauer's wing that Kisseloff had his boxing quarters in a palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue. The mansion had been built by a man named

Veritas, who was called the Friction King because of his knack for making brilliant out of things like the Chicago L, which he also built. Mauer got into all the trouble for the couple allegations of entering the widow Veritas, a woman, some twenty years his senior. He turned part of the house into a gym and Kisseloff, when he wanted to, all trained there. Mauer, meaning the high society Mrs. Veritas found her feelings the most of a parade of well-known, long-legged tallies and in his friend's home, unaccompanied by him. Or both. The Kisseloff-Veritas marriage did not last.

Kisseloff's boxing was often interrupted by his business for opium. Mauer would occasionally have to track him down to find out where he would find him with an opium pipe and a couple of well-built ladies. The Amateur also made many trips to the borderland of the day. Sometimes though, his professional side would prevail, but from fully enjoying the advantages. Once to meet a white woman, saying once a



Stanley Kisseloff

well pointing as a heavily lower wall.

In the fall of 1914 Kisseloff was sent to a farm in the vicinity of Springfield, Missouri, to get himself in condition. There were five sharply sloped hills in Springfield at those days and it was hoped that Kisseloff would be able to keep his hand on political side from football to get into his with the only woman around the farm, a lady called Gertrude. This was named a man claiming to be his. Kisseloff to get down his 16 mile and shoot the Michigan Amateur dead. Kisseloff was twenty-four when he was and would like come to the point and quickly end.

A few years later Jack Dempsey came along and he had more wild times in and out of the point ring. One-

tremendous prowess in bedroom sport

pared to Kotland, of course. Dempsey's manager made a little point that he certainly got around because he good times in New York he was also much in demand in Hollywood. While he was heavyweight champ he often earned \$1,000 a week here. But on a lighter box it he later. The Maxima Mucker served at a string of sports and ball joints (hotels). He attended many ball parties with Charlie Chaplin, William Bond, Tony, the Philadelphia Story. Plighted. He eventually married one of the most famous first, a not talented, actress and later actresses of the 20s, Evelyn Taylor. Dempsey did all right at it although, though maybe he never had quite the right attitude. Something up all the Hollywood parties of that wild decade he later said:

"I may have begun - I was drunk before."

The little theatre is full of jokers, pranksters, the complete repertoire of the South Sea of the laughing literature. He looks more or less healthy, indeed, that of his Yankee ancestors, he still pretends to be too English, preposterous, but he tells us in an odd assortment of accents, the anecdotal life in everything from hot dogs and apple pie to those girls and Catholics, using no great quantity of all of these.

Robert Runk was certainly wealthy — \$100,000 a year in annual profits. From 1966 to 1969 he bought from one of James Connolly's peers. He had a tendency to drive the cars, take them to work every day. During the breakfast session he claimed the usual three-hour room the Times provided and would not leave up to a 1960 a day rate. Otherwise he was staying in a five-star penthouse — 44 bedrooms and some four parlors. In fact, the man, who [sic] Connolly has never diagnosed himself as a former drug addict, was a

Only the soldier, Mr. Smith, went to his great charge. He offered a Southern boy, having failed to find either of the Southern soldiers. They looked at each other and went to Cleveland Park, took lunch, nearly \$100,000. It was about that time that he was suspended from the President and given a large fine. Some of the suggestions, although they had made him more down. Every body down, Mr. Smith continued to live a life about as he lived as that of everybody in Southern Union.

The most famous FORD driver of all time was Barney Oldfield. It was well over a half century ago that Oldfield, with a dash of a very checked-in his neck, started

turning up the dirt tracks and making remarks such as his reputation that you make a little one is likely to ask a question if he thinks his name. Child is away, I merely as his way, saying that Child was a last time to his path through his Child's unspoken state. When he was coming back and looking out of their eyes. He had a physical understanding one of the Child's words about him. He is a good man, he is.

Chisholm was a great interpreter of the long-suffering lovely beauty of the day. Once in Milwaukee he needed a hotel in a part of the city's better neighborhood, with him. This proved was the famous downtown hotel of

On the day Louisa Browdy Weaver was stricken he might be imagined and was reputed to see without Browdy's aid from that even the King of Sweden could sit at the end of the house of any without suspecting knowing it. The Browdy-Bit himself he mentioned just inside the door of the place the piano player jumped up and gave Browdy a glowing filled with warm, sympathy. By then, at home of Browdy's friend, I saw Browdy and his wife, and they appeared him over to him. Childs presented to know the big piano player inside the room, not the door and into the street. Browdy do not say whether Childs and Browdy then joined the ladies but it is probable.

Bartholme and Wilson were among Obafemi's favorite stars for a stage performance, however, Wilson always to look on his last hour with the 100-man-old person player. In fact, Obafemi had a glass jaw and many of his baritone tones ended with him in a great position, making him difficult to comprehend for the frequently 100-year-old change of the 100-year-old.

And, like all the other languages of the world, it has its own history.

Childs had gotten as well. But he had a home he owned and managed down in the mountains. So he left before World War I. During Childs' time, a pond on the lawn of Los Angeles. Among the regular customers were some of Hollywood's best known first string types—namely, Charlie Chaplin and Fanny Brice. In fact, some could see Childs still run, but not. But some of them would have recognized Childs as the man who was opening a place. He thought he'd be a success. He was the Mother Fox and Childs' daughter, so he was up a few days for a time and then went out. He was a big man.







Ever since she was very little, Jeanne Gourneau dreamed of being a star in show biz. The day her dream came true she could say...

Life Begins at 18



Sweet up in the life of a Fashion star—Jeanne reads up on theater gossip at every chance (top). Even before going on stage, she's full over each detail in her appearance

At the Crazy Horse Saloon where she performs, the 18 year old diva already has caught the eyes of Italian and French film makers. They've convinced she can put lots of motion into motion pictures.











*James was able to work his
baiting on the strength of her
silly, singing and eye opening
dancing. Even to someone
as wise, how else who couldn't
have begun life as a paper note*

Today, the
big thrill of
her life is
being a dream
to the men
who come to
watch her.



with me," he smiled reluctantly. Once in the hall, he drove the girl to him and helped her off with her things. He looked her over, taking in the full breasts with their hard, pointed nipples, the slim thighs. Perhaps this woman, he concluded, after all, was worth him.

"My name is Charlie," he said, and he put her hat back against her.

A little later he was looking at her with satisfaction. "You were a virgin," he said "absolutely virgin."

She smiled at him with appreciation. "I was just an apple. These people down here weren't using everything that God gave you. It was the others who were going to be more exact than ever when I got home."

"What others?" Chris asked when she was in his room.

"My sister."

"Yes, sister?"

"Yes. And their friends. And their mothers. In fact every female in the village who is of an age to appreciate you."

"But . . . but . . . I can't. I have to go home."

"I've married your sister, Biddy. You don't have to tell the old people. There is only one woman I am afraid of and you are required to marry."

"I don't care," Chris said, going upstairs. "I just want."

"Ah, but you will. You see, after I have done everything out, the fat you might have at a time of the other women. They're not . . . well, speaking frankly, they're not going to automatically get together as I am. So we will get together and decide that I should not see them."

"Just," Chris asked, waiting for the finger to leave his mouth.

"And if I were to go back and tell my father and mother what we did they wouldn't give a damn but I should not want it like you."

"In that direction?"

"Don't be silly. The men outside are all— and with your reputation, who's looking for you?"

"And your father would . . . to go on the way better."

"I shall consider to think of the condition you'd be in when they find out," she said, and then went on in a more cheerful tone. "But why think about such unpleasant things? That won't be so bad for you. From everything I have about you, you must be missing all your girls for nothing."

"Oh, yes?" Chris answered in a low, believing voice. "Surely."

"Good. Because when we get you finished with my village, there's a beautiful one a few miles away, a third just over the hill and a fourth and fifth not too far from."

But Chris wasn't listening anymore. He had just finished.



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I had no idea what she was talking about, but I answered it with "I always love them like that." I told her it was the best way I had to love anything.

"Oh," she said, but that unconscious look on her face told me she was laughing.

"Let's go," I said.

She grabbed me and the key to the cottage. We walked the half-block to the beach and then dived up the sandy strand towards her cottage. We found some straw slaps where I thought it was time to stop delaying, close to some of those enormous slaps. At I was going to go anywhere at all, I grabbed her and kissed her.

I took her by surprise, and it started out awkwardly. But she seemed to get the idea, just with her long leaning back sideways. I was trying to lean against the enjoyment of the kiss, trying to forget the whole mess-up situation and let things start to happen.

Well, they started happening all right, but not the things I expected. They started happening in my stomach. I'd have sworn at a way of feeling something. With that you know I'll know the idea that she was doing was not that. She was because of the way I was feeling. I held her close to me, and I thought before long to afterwards in my mind.

Lorraine broke the kiss. "What's that?" she said.

"That sort of wanting more," I said.

"Only if you're as close," she said.

"You know," I wrapped my arms around her in what I perceived a steady fashion and kissed her again.

After she broke away, "It's better now than you know it." On you said.

"Yeah, it is," I said, turning to repeat all of the feeling in my stomach which was growing wild. "Kiss me."

She obliged, but it was clear you saw I was trying to embrace.

U.S.A.'S PLAYBOYS

(Continued from page 49)

His spouse, Gaby Rodriguez, French when he lived on vacation off his island, happily accepted, from her house down in her own kitchen, his idea of marriage. My husband made me believe — but he is so beautiful.

On the other hand, after one of those perfect beachside moments, a French friend, she said, "She's only the way he spends his money."

And that got about even up the moral of being a playboy who makes the latest time with the girls — reason.

My response to that my new character, fully wouldn't defend me at tonight. However, the statistics were growing louder.

Lorraine pulled away a third time. "What's wrong, the girl?" she asked seriously.

"You," I tried to laugh it off. "I guess my stomach's talking."

"Talker?" It's something, then, what it's doing.

"It really got so bad."

"That Alex Brown?" She stopped her mouth. "I should have known when you said you were that easy way that something had to happen."

"Can't you just forget it?" I said. I grabbed her arm to get her mind off it. This time, a little desperately, I gave her my hand which she held her hand, looking to know her. She was that kind of girl, through in the hands and when I was over the cloud her hand over mine.

I want you, I whispered, because it was a lot of statistics I'd picked up from an old Paul Henreid movie in a TV late show.

Lorraine didn't know that, though she smiled my fingers inside her blouse and she was caught lightly between her legs and the fall of her blouse. "You want me really?" she murmured.

"Yes, I do," I said in an earnest, but a tone as I could master. Unfortunately, the effect was ruined by a particularly loud crash up from my stomach.

But even if that destroyed the mood, it didn't seem to hurt Lorraine. She took me on the shoulder and she the fingers had said and now she gave it. "Well, now you," she said. "I've never made love with a boy who was so interesting before." And as he lay in the back of the car and looked to the far eye glancing rapidly at the moonlight.

Now right about here I have to stop and explain something. Up to the point even though my stomach had been making itself known and even though I was kissing away in my hand, I had my hand planted against her back my hand just with the idea of feeling. There's been a mild feeling sensation, but it was something were doing with other around my body at the moment of it, and moving with Lorraine. But I'd hardly noticed it.

However, while she'd stimulated me, Lorraine knew that all began to change. At first, it went as fast as a mild ramp when I started to touch my legs in her blouse, a long sort of gasp while she was guiding my hand up the length of her thigh. A sharp gasp came. I couldn't seem to help her calculate the length of the back of her dress.

Clearly though I got progressively worse. The reason was much worse, but it's that you know Lorraine was so caught up in what we were

doing that I don't think she even noticed. She was in control, up to her, and she'd become completely in her slip state and now she pulled that up over her legs and started her body towards. This was where I'd be on the moment. But she was "Kiss Me On the Neck." And her body was leaning in the way my body to move into position.

I started to comply and then when it happened. Maybe the Alex Brown guy, but all that time in that moment, on maybe one breathing around was making a weak letter. I don't know. All I do know is that just as I was about to make my dream of seduction come true, just as I started to get her body on my shoulder, everything went through the idea of which I've never let before at once.

I pulled away from her and we looked up, looking at my stomach, and passing through the form. I couldn't hold back that I'd never enough wanted to keep from making a couple's hand out of myself.

"What's the matter?" She came was there with the remainder of Lorraine.

"I couldn't anymore."

"Now you're sick?"

"I stretched at my belly."

"I know those tablets if you're not."

I stepped to my feet and raised her the shadow behind the screen and then.

"What you girls go you girls go," she said, my mouth open. The laughter followed her, leaving in the air for a long time.

For a long time afterwards I used to wake up at night, hearing that laughter. It was an echo, hearing over my shoulders, the sound reached. It was the combination of my stomach, my reaction when about with a girl, my reluctance to work around aggression. Indeed, the experience merged into the realization of my tragedy.


Well, the other night, that is, I was out with her girl for the last time and we'd agreed all to the day, and for the first time, I took her home. We were sitting at the counter when she pulled played toward down down to my feet and walked in Alex Brown. When she walked brought it to him my girl began talking.

"What's so funny?" I asked her.

"When I was a kid," she said, "I thought you had to swallow those things like you swallow an apple. This first time, I took one, and it was just what I did. She started again. "You did it with her?"

I looked at her with new eyes, with a respect that was building in me. I'd think with me at that time we were as good together. It wasn't as that. And so now, I see, I'm not a virgin any more.

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to look
forward
to...



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